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VOICES of PEACE



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EDITORIAL

LITERARY SOCIETIES

There are societies of all sorts. A society may be almost any kind of an organization. But a *literary* society is a specialized organization; in it literature and things literary should be the dominant interest. Is such the case at Peace? In the past, so-called literary society programs have been literary only in a mild degree.

To some people the word *literature* brings shudders of apprehension. This need not be the reaction. The literary society has a great opportunity to cultivate sound ideas and true appreciation of what has been great literature, of what the best is

now, and to inspire the creation of worthwhile writing. The system of literary societies at Peace provokes competition. Would not a little competition in the matter of really instructive programs be a good thing?

And in regard to competition, may we restate a hackneyed idea. Friendly rivalry is obviously interesting. But when the friendly rivalry becomes hard feeling, when girls feel terribly hurt because so-and-so joined the other society, when catty remarks circulate because of society affiliations and activities, the societies are defeating their own end.

SUNSET

A burst of glory in the western sky,
The soft clear notes of a bird nearby,
The sweet solemn hush of the twilight hour
And night is nigh.
The rainbow shades of the sunset
Change to colors of darkest hue;
Yet the magic of the twilight lingers,
For in the darkness, I hear you.

MARGARET BETTS, '31.

BRIEF ECSTASY

Ella stood near the corner of a tent, watching the noisy, excited carnival crowd stream by. She gazed anxiously at all who passed. Where were the girls she had come with? She had turned around to speak to someone, and when she had turned back, they had disappeared. It was time to go home, but she couldn't go home alone; neither was it proper to remain there by herself in the wild, loose gaiety of the carnival. Her unattractive face bore a worried expression. What was she to do?

She was a big girl—above the average in height, with a heavy though not fat body. For the carnival she wore an old suit—a tan sweater and brown skirt. It showed off to advantage her wavy brown hair—the one beautiful thing about her. Except for that, she was rather plain.

"Hello, Ella!" A pleasant masculine voice spoke behind her.

Ella turned around. "Why, Steve Allen! How are you?"

She looked up at the tall, smiling boy who stood before her, shirt sleeves rolled up, collar open, and red suspenders shining. Who would have expected to find him here? She hadn't thought much about him for two years, and hadn't seen him for nearly five.

"I'm feeling fine. It's great to see you, Ella. It's been a long time. . . . Weren't you looking for someone?"

"Well—yes, I was. For the people I came with." It wouldn't do to name those commonplace girls to this handsome young hero. "Just a couple of girls. I've lost them, and I want to go home. Kinda tired of all this noise and rush."

"I'm tired of it, too. May I walk home with you? Mind?" he asked smiling.

Mind? She had never been more thrilled and excited in the entire sixteen years of her rather uneventful life. Did she

mind? She did not! But she couldn't let him know that. Never. It wasn't done. Besides, he might think she wasn't used to being with boys.

She looked him up and down appraisingly and said, grinning, "I reckon you'll do."

They both laughed. Steve offered his arm with mock dignity. With equal ceremony Ella accepted it. Arm in arm they sauntered across the carnival grounds and through the city streets to Ella's home.

They talked a great deal. There was so much of the past to remember, and of the present to tell. At first Ella was extremely self-conscious: she was walking alone with a boy! No big boy had ever paid any attention to her before. Boys always gave her one look and then forgot her, or sometimes never even gave her the look. But always she had known that some day one would come who would not forget. She knew that this was he. She was very happy.

She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. How he had changed! He was really handsome now. Smooth sandy hair, regular features, clear complexion, good clothes. There was something else about him, too, that was different. Something intangible—a little air that he had acquired. A touch of sophistication, of worldly wisdom, perhaps. Yes, that was it. She loved him for it.

They talked of old times when, five years before, they had lived in the same neighborhood and had gone to Junior High together. Inseparable they had been then, and they had adored each other. The "almost marrieds" the neighborhood crowd had called them. Good old crowd. A thousand times, no less, they had played "hide-and-seek" in Ella's yard. They had explored old school buildings together. Did Ella remember the time she slid down the fire escape sitting in a tin pan? Had Steve for-

gotten about the time he jumped out of a tree on a bet and broke his arm?

Steve's family had moved to another part of town and Steve had gone to another school. He and Ella were never together. At the new school Steve had got in with a bad crowd and had failed in nearly all his work. He had stopped school and gone to work as a soda jerker. After two years of that he had suddenly wanted to finish high school and go to college. He was now in his senior year at high school.

Ella had gone straight through high school and was now in business school. She was going to work next year.

They had reached Ella's house.

"Here we are," said Ella. "It was good of you, Steve, to walk with me. Won't you come in?"

She was not sure she really wanted him to. It would be wonderful to have him there, but how her brothers would tease her afterwards!

But Steve declined.

"No, thanks, not tonight. I promised that I'd be home early for once."

Suddenly he had an idea. Tomorrow all of his crowd would be out of town for the Easter holidays. Why not date up this girl? It would be a change from the eternal round, and it would amuse him to experiment with her.

"But I say," he continued with hardly a pause, "are you booked up for tomorrow evening?"

Ella could hardly believe her ears. Was he asking for a *date*?

"Tomorrow? No," she answered breathlessly.

"Then I'll be around. Remember, it's a date. Good-night!" And he was gone.

Ella went inside. The family, as she could tell by the lights, were in the back of the house. She simply couldn't see them

while she felt like this. She ran upstairs to her room, lay down on her bed, and gave herself up to the ecstasy that swept through her.

A date—her first one, and that with Steve!

Meanwhile Steve was strolling toward the house of one Dolly Bennett, a "hot number" who lived some two blocks away.

"Steve, my boy," he said to himself as he walked along and considered his night's work so far, "I can't say that it's particularly to the glory of Stephen Allen, but this night another scalp has been added to the old belt."

He patted himself approvingly upon the shoulder and mentally changed the subject to Dolly Bennett.

Dolly interested him because he never knew whether her scalp belonged to him or to some one of the several dozen others who were in the same state of mind as he was. This week-end she was going off on a house party. She probably didn't care whether she saw him before she left, but he was going to tell her good-bye and he intended to take at least two hours doing it.

When he reached the house, he found the front door open and walked in. Dolly, a perfect specimen of the type known as the "dizzy blonde," was sitting in any easy chair listening to the radio. Her right foot was bandaged and rested on the chair in front of her.

"Hello, irresistible," she greeted Steve airily in a husky voice that was perfect in the moonlight. "I was wondering how long before Old Faithful would come to visit the sick."

"What's the trouble? Gout?"

"Another crack like that and out you go. If you really want to know, I jumped from a rumble seat and sprained my eyebrow, so I have to spend the holidays at home, tra-la. How's that for a pleasant prospect?"

"Perfect," declared Steve. "Home is exactly where I'm going to be. And for once I'll have no competition. Will we have fun? Just guess!"

Suddenly he remembered.

"Friend of my youth and companion of my riper years," he began sorrowfully, "I forgot. I have a date."

"Break it," suggested Dolly practically.

"The wisdom of women! No sooner said than done!"

Steve dashed to the 'phone and looked up Ella's number. He picked up the receiver.

"Central," he inquired, "what wrong number must I call to get 4832-J? . . . Thank you."

Ella, who had just come downstairs, answered the 'phone.

"Ella, this is Steve. Mother has just decided to go to Winston-Salem to the Moravian service, and I'll have to drive her over. I'm frightfully sorry, but I'll have to break our date. I hate it like everything, but you see how it is. We'll make it some other time, perhaps?"

"Yes," murmured Ella, knowing well that they wouldn't.

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye."

Ella slowly hung up the receiver and gazed stonily across the room.

"Fool!" she said to herself tensely. "You fool! What else could have happened to *you*?"

Deliberately she set herself to be gay, and went into the next room to tell the family about the carnival.

LAURA WHITE, '31.

MY TEAPOTS

We all have our hobbies, or our hobbies have us, as the case may be. At any rate, my case is a combination of the two; you see, I am a teapot collector. Sometimes I like to pretend that I am a haughty, proud sultan with my teapots for my harem. At present I have only five teapots in my harem, but I am always looking for new ones to add to my collection. To me they are real, live women with names and ways of women.

My harem is quite smart; it has its favorite beauty just as any other really smart harem has. At present Roseyel holds sway. She is all rose and gold and blonde just like her name. She is not very large and is covered with painted wild roses outlined with gold. She holds one arm akimbo and uses the other to gesticulate and point. Some people call the pointing arm the spout of the teapot, but it really isn't; it's an arm. How could the poor teapot ladies express themselves without the aid of gestures?

I have not given Roseyel preference entirely, because I am still a wee bit infatuated with Shoding Hi, the second beauty of my harem. She is a queer, dark, oriental lady from Japan. She is larger than Roseyel and is multi-colored. She wears very nicely great splashes of jade green, orange, and purple. Shoding Hi is quite dashing and imposing and adds an air of charm and sophistication to any tea table.

One finds many kinds of women in a harem. I have a little Puritan lady in mine. I call her Charity, because someone very kindly gave her to me. She is petite and demure in her plain brown dress. She really behaves better than any of her sister teapots. She never wobbles and dances frivolously nor sings silly light songs. She is one of those things that soothe and rest tired people when they come home in the evening.

Charity was built to live in a cottage. How out of place she would appear on a Cluny table cloth! How snugly and cozily she fits into a green and yellow breakfast nook! Her songs are the quiet, sleepy kind. Her soft voice is always subdued and melodious. She makes a delightful companion on a cold winter evening.

I have a heavenly blue gypsy in my collection. She is Guitano, gay, light, pleasing. How teasingly she points at me from my tea wagon! She plays with the cups and sings her queer, light, noisy songs for them. She thinks nothing of doing the craziest things. She impishly jumps up and down and wobbles and skips and shakes her hat noisily for a tambourine. But I like her, for she is very likable.

I have said that one finds many kinds of women in a harem, teapot or otherwise. Take mine, for example, I have Roseyel, a blonde ingenue; Shoding Hi, a cherry blossom lady from Japan; Charity, a wee brown whisper; Guitano, a wild, gay, haunting thing; and last but not least—an elephant lady! Yes! She is not a sacred "Pearl of India" nor a "Pink Mountain Laurel." She is just a plain, gray, everyday elephant. I call her Largo, because that means broad and slow. She is really very nice looking and well behaved. She never goes on a rampage, crashes cups, slings saucers, nor bites sandwiches into bits. She dozes pleasantly, soliloquizes sleepily, and browses lazily in her miniature jungle of lace mats, egg-shell China, and shiny little rivers of silverware. I like Largo, but I exhibit her only on special occasions.

I think that I am not a tyrannical sultan. I am good to my harem. I keep my collection in what I proudly call a glass palace, but other people call it a china closet. I have lace mats for my teapot ladies to lounge on. To repay me for my thoughtful care over them they only have to be ready to go out to lunch or to tea with me at any time. Now that isn't cruel, and I

have excellent proof that it isn't. The teapot ladies like to be taken out. One day I went to the glass palace to get a teapot. At that time I had Giocosco, a squatty, fun-loving, jolly, little black teapot that always reminded me of a tiny fat lady very much flustered and upset over something. I used to take her out almost every day, because she made such a pleasant companion. She looked out of the window and saw me coming. Poor, gleeful, dear, little teapot! Just as I opened the door she leaned out to greet me. Alas! Poor Giocosco! She leaned too far, lost her balance and crashed gratefully at my feet.

For one who is not interested in teapot collecting, that hobby may seem extremely dull; but to me it spells happiness. My teapots are among my dearest possessions. I love to weave fairy fancies about where they came from and who owned them before I got them. I like to think about tables they have graced, parties they have attended, the different kinds of tea they have known. Some of my teapots are very old; others, quite young. I like them all.

RODIE DANTZLER, '31.

FALL

Fall attired in reds and yellows,
 Shaded down to two-toned brown
 Running wild with childish rapture
 Shedding color through the town.

She mocks the wind, frost, and winter,
 A gay, triumphant flighty child—
 Flaunting, shedding vivid colors—
 With utter abandon, a spirit run wild.

JEAN FARABEE, '31.

AFTER THE BLINDNESS

With what unstudied casualness
 We met today,
Paused for a space—
 And fell into small talk—
The while you cast about for
 Things to say,
My eye kept roving down the walk.

I pondered that I hadn't time
 To spare
For such as this, and with some
 Faint surprise
Vaguely noted that your hair
 Was merely hair,
And after all, your eyes
 Were only eyes.

VIRGINIA COX, '32.

PHYSIOGNOMY

Dating from before the time of Aristotle, physiognomy, one of the most influential of all quack sciences, still thrives, blighting happiness, or effecting vain complacency.

Though there are numerous definitions of the term *physiognomy*, the most appropriate one for the present is: Physiognomy is that art, or supposed science, of discovering the predominant mental and sometimes the physical characteristics from the outer appearance, especially from the features of the face.

All through the ages, physiognomists have tried to prove their theories, seemingly becoming less logical—to the real scientist.

The first records of the physiognomic theories go back to the classical age. The favorite manner of determining character was by comparing the features of men with those of animals, saying that similarity of features denoted likeness of intellect and temperament.

Through Aristotle is said to have written the first systematic treatise on physiognomy, opinions were handed down by writers more ancient than he. Hippocrates, 460-370 B. C., believed that characters were sanguine, choleric (bilious), melancholic, and phlegmatic, according to the relative amount of the four humors of the body—blood, yellow bile, mucus, and black bile. This view is still held by many.

Aristotle, 384-322 B.C., believed that the mental traits were conditioned by bodily compositions, too; he also believed that these traits were revealed in bodily signs. In fact, like most of the ancient writers, he used the term *physiognomy* as any physical indications of mental states.

After Aristotle, the only writer on physiognomy worthy of notice is Theophrastus, a follower of Aristotle, who was the first

to attempt the classification of the human race on the basis of character.

During the Middle Ages, physiognomy, in connection with astrology, was used to predict the future. Among the writers of the age were four Arabians: Alib, Ragel, Rhazes, Averroes, and Avicenna, a noted physician. Albertus Magnus, teacher of Thomas Aquinas, found interest enough in physiognomy to develop it further. Michael Scot, court astrologer to Frederick the Great, is to be remembered for his *De hominis physiognomia*, the first book on physiognomy to be printed.

The sixteenth century saw a marked advance in the development of physiognomy, not through many writers, but through two.

The first of these, Jerome Cardan, 1501-1576, was drawn between two forces: his credulity and his love of science. He believed that the lines in the forehead denoted the powers and virtues bestowed by the moon and the six planets. The other writer, and perhaps more important, was Giovanni Baptista della Porta, 1538-1615. His was the animal physiognomy, from which come figures of speech, serious then, now sportive, such as: old fox, the rat, social butterfly, and tea hound.

During the seventeenth century, the popularity of physiognomy declined, because there was less fiction and more accurate anatomy. There is one outstanding physiognomist of the period, Le Brun, famous French artist, who painted a series of pictures based on the likenesses between human and animal figures. Other contributions were made by T. Campanella, Clement, Timpler, Septalius, De la Belliere, Fuchs, Zanardus, and a host of others.

Interest in physiognomy declined still more during the eighteenth century; and it was then that the most famous champion of physiognomy came to the fore. He was Johann Caspar Lavater, 1741-1801, the first to develop a complete system of

physiognomy to include all the relations between the physical and the moral nature of man.

Lavater was an Evangelical priest (as well as an orator, philanthropist, political reformer, and writer of ballads), whose task demanded deep insight into men's souls. Accordingly, he had portraits of all kinds drawn or painted. These he studied diligently, even recording his conclusions in hexameter. Still, he found nothing new to offer. He was an "impressionistic enthusiast," and "impressionism" is too limited as a basis for studying character. His conclusions had little argument, his convictions little proof. His system was based upon "subjective interpretation."

Though he had no scientific tendency or training and thus did not affect beliefs or halt scientific progress, he became famous. The elaborateness of his words (including illustrations), the support of distinguished, but uncritical, patrons, and the avoidance of real issues pave his way to fame.

In the nineteenth century, further development of science brought new light upon the physiognomic theories—favorable enlightenment.

Sir Charles Bell, who founded the physiological school of physiognomy, wrote an *Essay on the Anatomy of the Expression*, 1806, the first scientific treatment of physical evidence of emotions through the muscles. Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*, 1855, did a great deal for reviewing interest in physiognomy. G. B. A. Duchenne, by using electricity and photography in his experiments, confirmed the conjectural conclusions of Bell. He developed the subject in his *Mecanisme de la Physiognomie Humaine*, 1862.

Darwin was the first to attempt to base physiognomy on modern scientific research. In his *Expression of Emotions*, 1873, he presented the now rather prevalent idea that habits are

definitely apt to alter the shape of the bones and the cartilages related to the muscles of expression.

Thus physiognomy has come down to us, accepted as a rational theory by some, rejected as illogical by others, and considered lacking in respectability by still others. Though we are often unconscious of the fact, old beliefs in physiognomy have a great influence on our judgment of people—whether it is reliable judgment or not, we will leave to the scientist and the physiognomist to decide.

Regardless of recent scientific discoveries, the physiognomist dodges them all and continues to spread his rather ludicrous, though attractive, ideas among the uneducated.

Fosbrooke, in the beginning of his unscientific production *Character Reading through Analysis of the Features*, advises would-be physiognomists to learn the following rules:

“1. Determine whether the physical or the mental rules in the personality.

“2. Decide upon the class of mentality, the temperamental type, whether positive or negative.

“3. Mark well the manner and habits of speech; those that are the most natural are the truer and stronger characteristics.

“4. Note the position of the ears.

“5. Note the divisions of the face.

“6. Note the first impression—if there is a definite one—and find the reason for it.

“7. Develop and analyze physiognomical sensation.

“8. Study the whole face, every feature in comparison with every other feature in the particular face studied and then in other faces as well: and study every face as a whole in comparison with other faces.

“9. Remember the three principal points are head, eyes, and mouth.

“10. Learn to visualize faces.

"11. Be slow to make statements of what is seen.

"12. Accept no statement in this book as true; prove each. Study one feature at a time until it is possible to combine the knowledge of all, and always remember that partial knowledge is worse than none."

Rule number three seems decidedly treacherous to the physiognomic profession. Why does Fosbrooke profess to be a physiognomist if he intends to make use of behavior?

Physiognomists vary in their opinions as to the degree to which the character (moral and emotional) and the intellect may be determined. One very moderate physiognomist maintains that one-half of the time one can tell whether a person is fit for a certain job—whether he gives way to the senses or the emotions—but not how fit he may be.

To prove that the intelligence cannot usually be judged by the expression, one phychologist conducted an experiment in which there were shown to a group of six hundred people the pictures of two men of the same intelligence—one with a snarl, averted eyes, and a drooping mouth; the other with candid eyes and an agreeable expression. Three-fourths of the six hundred called the first one dull and the second mentally alert.

Does it ever occur to the average person to try to determine someone's disposition by the formation of his features? The physiognomist says that habitual expressions of mental statis increase certain muscles and thus affect the features. So, he says, one can successfully determine whether a person is cheerful or grouchy.

Lines in the face are caused by the contraction of the muscles, which, in turn, is caused by certain mental states. The psychologist mentions numerous other causes of wrinkling in the face, such as: the amount of fat beneath the skin, climate, the sort of work one is engaged in, the amount of attention paid to small details, an under-active thyroid gland, any skin disease,

the kind of hat worn and the manner in which it is worn. How is it possible to determine a person's characteristics thus?

The physiognomist also likes to think that habitual expressions cause a contraction of muscles, which affects the development of the bones. Since a grown person's muscles are too rigid to be affected, this development must come in childhood, as the bowing of the legs does. But, the psychologist says, a normal child does not constantly express any strong emotion.

If the possibility were granted of a child's inheriting a certain facial expression from one of its parents, caused by an acquired mental disposition of the parent, it would not necessarily mean that the child inherits with the expression the emotion or feeling that caused it. The present opinion is that there is no final evidence that acquired characteristics are inherited at all. Therefore, one cannot judge a person's state of mind by his expression.

Formerly the belief prevailed that the reactions of the body accompanying the different emotions were caused by the emotions. Now, the psychologist says that the state of "emotional consciousness" is caused by these so-called "expressions of emotions."

The physiognomist judges according to the individual feature and according to the formation of the face, especially the profile.

The shape, size, and slant of the forehead are said to indicate a man's intellectual life. The shape of the forehead denotes the quality, or possibility, of the powers of the intellect. The more knotty the forehead, the more the powers of the intellect have been utilized.

The high, smooth forehead indicates the profound thinker, with a cold, calculating nature.

Various physiognomists seem to supplement one another's ideas in regard to the pear-shaped forehead, the middle and

upper parts of which are fuller than the lower part. One authority says that this forehead indicates quick intelligence and irritability of character. Another calls this the purely reflective forehead, denoting the impractical dreamer, possessing splendid reasoning power, lacking analytical power, energy, and self-confidence.

The forehead that has a great prominence in the lower part, sloping towards the upper part, is said to indicate the despotic, eccentric, irreflective type, lacking in imagination and ideality. The man with this forehead is said to be a quick thinker, apt to come to correct conclusions, but unable to give reasons. He is original, forceful, self-confident in action, but not cautious or tactful.

The low, smooth, sloping forehead, narrow at the top, with the hair growing down over it, indicates the imbecile.

The low, broad forehead that is very knotty indicates the criminal.

The well-balanced forehead is broad, of medium height, and fullest in the middle part. An even division of powers is thus denoted.

The eye-brows play a very small part in determining natures, says the physiognomist. In comparing men with horses, he says that horses with coarse hair are hardy, and those with fine hair are sensitive; so it is with the eye-brows of men. Also, dark-haired people are the more energetic.

The eyes, hardest of all features to control, are said by one authority to reveal a combination of all the traits, intellectual, moral, and emotional, and to denote which is predominant. Another says that the eyes reflect only the intellect—the quality of the intellect, not the quantity. The transparency, clearness, dullness, depth, and fullness of the eyes; the size and flexibility of the pupil; and the quickness of the motion of the eyes denote quality. The position of the eyes in regard to the eye-

brows, and the fullness of the upper eyelids and their position show the development of the intellect.

One authority says that the following characteristics are revealed by the eyes: calmness, ardor, apathy, cunning, dullness, anxiety, passion, or indolence.

The correct eye is full, well-rounded, rather deep-set; its eyebrow is heavy and compact; its pupil large, sensitive, dilating, and full of expression; the iris is often grey. The upper eyelid covers one-third of pupil; the lower eyelid is drawn up, narrowing the range of vision. This eye indicates intensity of the intellect, mental breadth of observation, analytical powers, and conclusive penetration; keen sensibilities, reasonable optimism, enthusiasm, and force controlled by the mind.

One authority says that the nose indicates the moral life of a man. Another says that the whole intellect cannot be read in the nose but that the nose grows with character.

The bony structure of the nose indicates the amount of intensity, executive ability, and energy one has. The height of the bridge, the firmness of the cartilaginous formation, and the uniformity of the lines of the nose, when considered in connection with the head, strongly indicate the degree of power and the type of mind.

The Roman nose denotes strong force of character; the Grecian, refinement; the Jewish, avarice; the snub nose, weakness of character; the negroid, secrecy; and the nose with a divided tip, keen perceptive power.

The correct nose is one-third the length of the whole face and stands out from the face one-half its own length. Its width is two-thirds its length. It is broad, with a tip that is neither hard nor fleshy, neither broad nor very pointed.

The mouth is said to indicate the emotional life of a man. It reveals more than any other feature.

The mouth is the only feature that cannot remain as nature made it. Next to the eyes, it is the hardest feature to control. The downward contraction of the other features is met by the force of the muscles of the mouth when physical force is used in carrying out the creations of the brain. Thus revealing the character of action, the mouth is said to give a general insight into the whole character.

The rather full mouth, with drooping corners and a short underlip, denotes firmness of character. The thin-lipped, closely shut, straight mouth indicates a cold nature. The lax, habitually open mouth denotes indecision.

The correct mouth is straight, parallel with the eyes, at a right angle with the center line of the nose, and long. The red is partly concealed; the lips are compressed, slightly thinned and firm. The corners neither droop nor turn up; the crest of the lips is in line with the root of the nose. The upper lip is long; the lower lip neither projects nor recedes. This mouth indicates power, genius, and self-control, both physical and mental. Woman is more mentally inclined than man. Hence her chin is lighter and lower. It usually recedes, then projects. Her jaws are narrow and slight in proportion to man's.

The typical man's chin is perpendicular, often projecting, broad at the base, full and round. His jaws are wide, but not more so than his head.

The pointed chin belongs to the selfish person; the rounded to the benevolent. The chin that is flat beneath indicates violent love; the rather square chin indicates the desire to love. The chin that is straight from lip to the tip is indicative of a cold nature.

What, then, is wrong with the physiognomist? Or should one say—what is right about the physiognomist? Griffiths, in his *Fundamentals of Vocational Psychology*, though he goes to some trouble to discredit the physiognomist, winds up by say-

ing that the physiognomist makes his mistake in failing to limit his judgment to a few traits; that there are a few traits which are really reliable in reading character three-fourths of the time. He also says that correct judgment of character by means of photographs is not due entirely to chance.

Little effort or time is spent testing the soundness of physiognomic systems; the physiognomist has no desire to have them tested.

There are two reasons for making tests. First, few people who have believed in physiognomy are influenced by the scientists when the scientists have not disproved physiognomy for them, many people continue to believe in it, saying that so many impossible-sounding theories have been proved that they believe that physiognomy cannot be disproved.

Various ways are presented for testing the soundness of physiognomy. In all these tests, the physiognomist should have no chance to observe one's behavior, "indications" of which he would consciously or unconsciously look for in the countenance.

Many physiognomists divide people into two classes—according to their coloring. It has been definitely proved that there are no mental or physical differences between blond and brunette types.

The following tests are used to determine whether people whose noses are the most arched are mentally or physically quicker than those whose noses are the least arched:

Equal groups of each are formed and the average quickness of each is compared with the average quickness of the other. Or, they are divided into equal groups according to their quickness, and then are compared with respect to features and what is known as the "algebraic average." The physical signs cannot be relied on altogether because everybody has some indication of almost every trait.

The reasons for the wide-spread belief in physiognomy are numerous. Ignorance of psychology and physiology are mainly responsible; the scientists have neglected giving the public real reasons for their disbelief in physiognomy, though they, themselves, have discarded it for their own uses. Too, people do not like to swap old ideas for new; the old ones are more comfortable. And, the average person sees what he expects to see in one's face. Very often physiognomy is flattering; it is always easy to believe what is pleasing.

If one has had cause to distrust a person who has green eyes, thin lips, and a sharp nose, one will likely feel uneasy about the next person who looks like him, and will probably think the third such person a crook.

Many people have their own little table of rules for judging people; it is usually the same table, though. They believe that hard flesh indicates hard-heartedness, and soft flesh the opposite. Rigid joints indicate a stubborn, unadaptable nature. A wide forehead denotes breadth of mind; eyes close together indicate narrow-mindedness; and small eyes denote a love of details.

Newspapers and magazines have a great deal of influence on popular belief. If newspaper and magazine writers were not so ignorant they would not have so many "character-analyses" of popular men. Free advertising, more than anything else, influences public opinion.

Thus, we have traced the course of physiognomy as the influence of it has soared and dipped, utterly regardless of reason, until it is impossible to foretell what turn it will next take.

MARY DWIGHT TURNER, '31.

SIC VITA

Life is a chain
Which some unseen force
Drives mechanically,
Relentlessly, rapidly
Past me.

I pause for a moment,
Look out of the window
And dream,
And when I turn back,
How many links have sped past!

I cannot let it slip away from me like this!
I must gather all life to me,
And live, live!
For soon the end of the chain will rush past me,
Leaving nothing.

LAURA WHITE, '31.

JUST ANOTHER MOTHER MACHREE

"No, dear, I don't believe I want to venture out in the cold. Just leave me to myself. I shall be perfectly contented."

Nan O'Shea hung up the receiver and rose slowly. She turned wearily, entered the living-room, and sank into the worn leather armchair standing by the window.

The pale grayness of fading day seemed rather to shroud the room than to light it. The old black stove, in spite of all its smoking and puffing, did not succeed in dispelling the heavy chill.

But Mrs. O'Shea did not notice; her thoughts were elsewhere. It was her older daughter Susie who had just called, asking her over for Sunday dinner—tomorrow would be Mother's Day. But she had refused. She just didn't feel like spending the day cooped up in Susie's noisy little house—much as she loved Susie.

Just before then, Bill's semi-invalid wife Grace had called to invite her to dinner, too. But she knew that Grace couldn't keep a cook on Sunday and would not feel able to prepare for company herself—for company Grace would make her.

Nan felt despondent. She did not know exactly why. Of course, Diane had not wired as she was to if she could get a day off from the office. And Michael, who had a contract with a phonograph record company in New York, could not come. Still, she had Bill and Susie. It must have been that she wanted them all at once.

A tear trickled down her thin face. She lifted an impatient hand to wipe it away, but paused. She looked closely at the hand; she raised the other one and considered it. What slim white hands they had once been—a musician's hands. Now they

were rough and red; the once tapering fingers were stumpy, the knuckles enlarged.

A pang of regret assailed her. She tried to think of what would have happened if she had married wealthy Carl Snow instead of poor Tom O'Shea. But she couldn't.

Instead, she thought of what had really happened. How she had married Tom; lived in a four-room house; kept alive on Tom's meager salary as a grocery store clerk; reared four children; seen Tom brought in dead from a railroad accident; washed and ironed other people's clothes for a living; struggled desperately to enable her children to finish high school.

How, one by one, the children had left home. Bill—big, sturdy, reliable Bill—now had a responsible position in the bank and was married.

Susie, too—dreamy, romantic Susie—was married—to a youth with only a few cents to his name; but he fulfilled her happiest dreams.

Michael, who could not exist without singing, had gone to New York to study. He was making such a success of his work that there seemed little chance of his returning home to live.

Diane was an enigma to her; but Nan secretly exulted over her. While a mere child, Diane had protested against her Mother's hard life. At that time she could do nothing; now she sent the greater part of her more than sufficient salary to her Mother. Try as she would, Nan could not persuade her that she was comfortable without the money she sent. Accordingly, she deposited in the bank in Diane's name.

Diane had declared that she would never marry. It was not because of her mother, Diane had assured her. She had seen what marriage did to women. "No, sir!" she would declare stormily. "Marriage is one thing that I'm not going to burn my fingers on!"

Sometimes Nan could not sleep for thinking of Diane. Again, she assured herself that Diane's behavior was due to youth.

But then, Diane and her problems were so far away.

"The plain truth, Nan O'Shea," she told herself angrily, "is that you're lonesome and too proud to admit it."

She arose abruptly and snapped on the light. Thus revealed, she paused a moment, her forehead wrinkled into a frown. She was a thin, erect woman, the kind that does not bend without breaking. Her gray hair was shamelessly curly and a constant nuisance. Her eyes were as blue as Diane's. Her mouth was touched slightly with bitterness.

Jerking her mouth into a determined smile, she hastened to the telephone and called Susie and Bill, inviting them and their respective families over to a picnic supper on Sunday.

Assured that they would be there, she grabbed up a coat and a market basket and hurried down the street.

She returned, arms and basket laden with bundles and sacks. Mingled odors of spices and freshly-ground coffee accompanied her.

At twelve, she climbed into bed, tired but almost happy.

The next afternoon about five o'clock Nan was sitting nervously upright, dressed in her most becoming dress. She was determined to enjoy herself. She did not relish the sort of old age that was stealing upon her.

A sudden clanging of the bell brought her to her feet. She hesitated a moment, then walked sedately to the door, only to find herself the center of a laughing, adoring group.

Roses, roses, roses! When had she ever seen so many red roses! Roses in lapels, roses pinned to frocks, roses in baskets.

Bill bore down upon her and loaded her arms with them. "To our Mother on Mother's Day," he said proudly and kissed her heartily.

Nan sat down, dazed. The soft fragrance of the roses stole over her and she buried her nose in their velvety coolness. She looked up and smiled crookedly at her attentive offspring. "You darlings!" she said huskily.

All at once, they took hold of her and dragged her into the hall. Someone with very moist eyes darted into her arms. "Is it you, Diane?" she asked gently.

Then the tall lad, standing so quietly in his corner, was brought up to be introduced. "Mother," whispered Diane, "meet your newest son." Nan simply had to hug him, too.

What a supper! What children! And what a Nan! Smiling eyes and smiling mouth bespoke her joy.

Once Susie reached over and squeezed her hand. "Mother," she said softly, "I hope that my hands will someday speak for me as yours do."

"And, Mother," said Diane, leaning toward her, "Jack has just said I'd better promise to grow young like you."

Afterwards, when they were all in the living-room, Susie wound the phonograph and put on a record she had brought along. "Michael sent it to us to keep until today," she told her mother.

Nan sat forward eagerly. It was—why it was Michael singing "Mother Machree!" She endured it until he began

"I kiss the dear fingers
So toil-worn for me;"

then she left the room, eyes streaming. "You old fool," she said crossly, when she had reached the haven of her own room. "It's the first time you've really cried in five years." Then she cried some more.

MARY DWIGHT TURNER, '31.

A HERITAGE

Out of the past they come—
Memories—
A book she owned and loved,
A passage she once marked,
A tiny flower her dear hands pressed,
A quaint old ring she often wore,
A picture taken long ago,
A fragile, faded, party dress;
And love that's giv'n to me by those
Who greatly loved her.
Out of the past to me—
A heritage.

LULA BELLE HIGHSMITH, '31.

BOOKSHOPS

An ideal bookshop! What a variety of pictures come to the minds of those who read or hear these words, for I am sure that every one has his own particular idea of books and bookshops. I especially have a particular idea of an ideal bookshop. It should not be very noticeable, for that would spoil the pleasure of "discovering" it. Thick carpets on the floor to deaden the sound of footsteps and green shades to soften the light, and a quiet old-fashioned lady who did not come up to one with her "Something for you?" immediately upon one's entrance, would all combine in making a bookshop ideal. As for the books, I should like them all to be old friends, in that I knew and loved the authors. Soft leather bindings in subdued colors would be only natural, for paper covers of orange, green, and purple would be desecration in such a place, not to mention the kind of books which usually come in such covers. And above all, the opportunity and privilege of walking around, comparatively alone, and looking through the books as long as one pleased would be ideal.

But such bookshops, if they exist at all, are rare. The usual bookshop contains a miscellaneous assortment of books, stationery, pencils, pens, art supplies, pencil sharpeners, novelties, and people. You are met at the door by a clerk who is too eager to serve you and who always knows what you want even better than you yourself do. People crowd around you, slamming doors, and laughing and talking in loud voices. Titles of books hurl themselves at you, while the covers—well, the covers are simply unspeakable! As for time to linger and enjoy the sight of books and more books—that is not to be considered. And I for one have no desire to do so.

And yet there is a fascination about bookshops, even the usual kind. Why it is there and what causes it, I do not know—nevertheless it is there. Perhaps it is the sight of rows and rows of books, promising hours of the greatest pleasure and the making of life-long friends. The charm is enhanced by picking up the books and looking through them, whether they are old friends or entirely new to one.

Bookshops to me are entrances to other worlds—worlds of pleasure, of thought, of friendships, of lasting influences. All other things fade into unreality while I wander through these worlds. Although only glimpses of them are afforded in the brief time given one to look around, pleasure is always derived from the anticipation of them.

MARY HARVEY LOVE, '32.

SUCCESS IN FAILURE

The atmosphere in the apartment of McDanny had been one of war for three days. Mr. McDanny and Mrs. McDanny were truly on the "outs"; and the cause was, as usual, money.

Here it was the afternoon of the third day of strife and still no sign of a let-up on the part of either. The sun blazed down from the cloudless April sky, and the budding branches of the trees racked gently in the faint breeze. Mr. McDanny walked with firm, purposeful strides toward his apartment on West Third Street. As he swung along, he talked to himself. "I've stood all I'm going to stand," he said. "I'll have a showdown with Mary and tell her I'm through. I'm a failure and I'll clear out."

The apartment house in which the McDannys lived looked like all other West Third Street apartment houses, a tall brick front with a door opening into the street. When Mr. McDanny reached the home block, he carefully counted each street entrance to make sure he went in the right one. He entered the sixth door, climbed two flights of stairs, and by means of a latch key opened the door labeled "Suite 6."

The door was the entrance to the living room. Mr. McDanny walked in and closed the door. He glanced around the room. A heavy couch, large comfortable chairs, a center table, numerous lamps, and a quantity of pillows met his view. Nothing moved but the pongee curtains which stirred in the faint breeze.

"Mary!" Mr. McDanny's deep voice rang through the rooms.

"Don't yell at me!" answered a sullen voice. A head appeared over the back of a big over-stuffed chair, and then subsided to its former position. Mrs. McDanny was young and extremely pretty. Golden-brown hair framed an oval-shaped

face set with big brown eyes, delicately arched brows, a perfectly shaped nose and mouth.

"Well, when I look at you, why don't you answer me?" asked Mr. McDanny.

No answer.

Mr. McDanny crossed the room and seated himself opposite his wife. He was good looking, also. His six feet of height were topped by black curly hair. He had a dark complexion, keen gray eyes, and regular features.

"Mary," he began, "I've come to tell you that I give up. I'm a failure, so I'm going to clear out. I'll leave you everything I've got, and you'll have to do the best you can."

"So that's the way you are, Bob McDanny? You're one of these men who walk out on their wives when the notion strikes them? You're a man who will give up over nothing, huh?"

"I said I was giving up, didn't I? But I'm being decent; I'm telling you about it first."

"Decent? Don't make me laugh. If you had been decent, you wouldn't have let me marry a poor sucker like you," said Mrs. McDanny, scornfully.

"I didn't coax you into marrying me," said Mr. McDanny. "You were perfectly willing. Besides, you just married me for my money. You knew I had twenty-five dollars, and you wanted it. Don't think you were fooling me for a minute."

"Really," drawled Mrs. McDanny. "How interesting."

"Yes, 'really,'" mimicked Mr. McDanny. "And besides, you were just a working girl. It was quite an honor for you to marry me, the song writer for some of Broadway's greatest hits."

"That's another funny one," laughed Mrs. McDanny, sarcastically.

"Since everything is so funny to you, maybe you can laugh this off. Walter Mack Brown has offered me \$1,000 to write the theme song of "Poor Pat." I've been pounding the old brain for three weeks, but everything's dead up there."

"What am I supposed to do, cry?" asked Mary.

"No," replied Mr. McDanny, "weep."

"I'd rather run up a temperature," said Mrs. McDanny. "Anyway, that doesn't change things; they are still like they were. Think of me. Before I married you I was taking dancing, and in one year I would have been on Broadway, and in three years I would have been in the movies. Look what you deprived me of."

"Yeah? Well, success was right there for me before you came and spoiled everything. I want you to know that I was one of the best song writers in New York. Why, I might have been a millionaire if you hadn't come along."

"Say that again," cried Mrs. McDanny, jumping to her feet.

Mistaking the gleam of triumph in her eyes for the flash of battle, Mr. McDanny sprang up and shouted, "I might have been a millionaire if you hadn't come along."

"You've got it: you've got it!" cried Mrs. McDanny.

"Got what?"

"The idea, Silly." She pushed him aside and stumbled to the piano. Punching the keys with one finger she sang:

"I might have been a millionaire if you hadn't come along,
I might have been a millionaire and written many a song.
But you put me in a daze
With all your winning ways
And I'm the piper who pays

Oh, woman, you're my curse; you know you did me wrong!
Why did you ever bother me; get back where you belong."

Together they worked, advising and revising.

Three months later "Poor Pat" was hailed on Broadway as a huge success. The day after the opening night Mr. and Mrs. Bob McDanny sailed for Europe on their second honeymoon.

MARGIE ROSE BUFFALOE, '31.

SKETCHES

"THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP"

The door of a Piggly Wiggly store opened to admit a fat little girl and a big brown dog. The little girl had light curly hair and blue eyes. Tiny freckles were sprinkled across her nose, and her cheeks were fat and rosy. Her gingham dress had no sleeves and her plump arms, thus revealed, were freckled too. The dog was a German police dog. He was large and beautiful, but his size was misleading, for he insisted on frisking around like a puppy. Commanding the dog to lie down, the little girl went through the gate and began to select articles from the shelves.

There were several other customers in the store, but none disturbed the sleep of a gray kitten which lay in a corner in the rear of the store.

For a time, all was well, but before many moments had passed, the dog left his place in the front of the store, slipped under the gate, and followed his mistress. He walked sedately between the rows of groceries, but his progress was viewed with disfavor by the other customers, who drew aside haughtily to let him pass. The clerk at the meat counter in the rear of the store looked particularly suspicious of Flash's good intentions, but Flash still behaved decorously. The fat little girl waited for Flash to overtake her and the two walked on together.

At almost the same instant, they both saw the kitten, and in the next instant, Flash tore by Margaret like a brown comet, and made a flying leap. Emitting a frightened "meow," the cat leaped to a counter. Customers and clerks jumped back as Flash, serenely unconscious of obstacles, followed the cat. The fugitive landed on the boxes of eggs, sprang from them to the

loaves of bread, leaped to the rolls, and then paused on the cake. Flash flung himself toward the cake, and on the way struck the counter covered with olive bottles!

What a clatter and noise ensued! Still other things toppled over after the original bombardment, and the next position of comparative safety was gained amid the sound of falling bottles. Both clerks and customers looked worried, but they all avoided any contact with Flash. Margaret was forced to run after him herself. After a little more havoc had been wrought, Flash was captured and securely held while the cat ran off.

Margaret was almost crying from anger and embarrassment; the clerks were indignantly silent; and the customers laughed nervously or frowned disapprovingly, depending on their dispositions. But Flash, hero, or villain, of the drama, willing at last to retire from the limelight, stood quietly beside his angry mistress and wagged his tail.

LULA BELLE HIGHSMITH, '31.

PERSISTENCE

Two little short knicker-clad girls panted up the green pasture hill in swift pursuit of a dashing little black pony. Mary emitted a huge, resigned sigh, from her wide red mouth and crumpled up wearily on the hot green grass. One city-bred little white hand raked the big straw hat from her sweaty forehead and began to fan with it. The sun shone down on her bright yellow curls, plastered to her high forehead. She pushed them back petulantly, her hand leaving a grimy streak. "Anne, I'm not gonna run after that ol' pony another step if I have to walk the rest of my life!" she said in a high, sweet voice. "I've run my legs off now. I came out here to get fat, not to run my liver out." She stretched out full length, hot face

pressed against the thick, sweet-smelling grass, and big blue eyes closed. Arms and legs outflung, she resembled a huge spider.

Anne, straight black hair flying, called over her swiftly retreating shoulder in a deep voice, "Told you to let me do it, anyhow!"

The pony reached the barbed-wire fence and faced the oncoming Anne invitingly. "Whoa, Lightning! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Making somebody walk their heels off after you! Whoa, now!" Anne moved slowly up to her—reached out to touch her—the pony was galloping 'way down the hill, tossing her head to look at Anne devilishly. Anne shook her little brown fist at her, her whole sturdy little body shaking with rage and her gray eyes flashing. "You little—!" She trotted on doggedly, slapping her bare feet on the ground and stubbing her toes at every step.

Lightning paused daintily by a big gray horse. Anne wheedled softly. Lightning slowly walked around the big giant horse. Anne walked slowly around behind her. Lightning took each careful step mincingly. Anne followed slowly; not too close to those small, deadly hoofs. The big horse snapped at her when she passed. Anne slapped her on the nose and she went on eating. Lightning impudently bit a green blade. "Whoa, Lightning, Whoa, now, Whoa, Lightning!" Lightning walked steadily around. Mary laughed loudly. Anne paid no attention to her, but she boiled inside. Anne picked up the end of the long black tail. Lightning backed her ears menacingly—Anne dropped it. Around they went again. Mary shrieked louder. Anne set her firm little red mouth hard, and persistently plodded on around. She picked up the tail again, then dropped it; then turned slowly around and went the other way. So, provokingly, did Lightning.

Slowly—Slowly—Slowly—around—around—around. She bit her tongue to keep it in its proper place. She could not endure

Mary's shrieks much longer. Inside her firm little body, she was boiling. Again and again. She picked up the tail again. Around and around. She put her hand on Lightning's back—then her shoulder, her neck; she gritted her teeth and screwed up her face determinedly. One swift bound and she was mounted, hands twined in the long black mane.

They whirled around the pasture at breakneck speed. Anne lay flat and hugged close, her black hair flying in the hot wind and her gray eyes shining. Twice around and at the high red gate. Lightning jumped high and clear and sent Anne smashing against the wooden bars.

She sat up and rubbed her back ruefully. "Oh!" Mary was coming. She hugged her skinned, dirty knees and smiled a crooked, forced, but triumphant smile. "Well I didn't have to walk to the gate!" She cocked her head to one side, pertly.

EVELYN HOBBY, '31.

A VILLAGE STREET ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Standing in the village drug store on Saturday night, one may see various types of the village's people sauntering down the main street, or hurriedly passing with packages.

Dim street lights show a group of town belles sauntering down the dusty street in high-heeled shoes, on their way to the show. They are overdressed in their finery of silks, laces, and jewelry. As they draw nearer one can see the hideous color their cheeks and lips have been painted. They nudge one another, fall against each other, giggle, pop gum, and pile their mouth's full of greasy popcorn as they pass.

Close behind, an old farmer with white whiskers, dressed in overalls and a dark cap, drags his heavy, tired feet down the

rough pavement. His shoulders are bent under the weight of a heavy bag of flour which is thrown over his shoulder.

By his side a very sticky little boy runs along. In his mouth is a big stick of red striped peppermint candy. His little hands clutch a little bag of candy.

The fat judge proudly strides down the street. His swallow-tail coat is carefully buttoned across his big bay-window. His silk hat sits far back on his white hair, on his nose is perched a pair of spectacles, the black ribbon blowing wildly in the wind or mixing with his white goatee.

VIRGINIA HENDRICKS, '31.

NEWS NOTES

September 11. The P. S. C. A. entertained for the new girls in the form of a very attractive and original masquerade party—each guest being asked to represent a book.

September 13. The traditional faculty concert and reception was held in the parlors. This affair does a great deal to encourage a kindred feeling among students and faculty.

September 20. The Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society opened the “rushing season” with a midnight “feast” for the new girls.

September 27. The Pi Theta Mu Literary Society entertained for the new girls at a picnic, held in a private hunting lodge near Raleigh.

October 2. A group of Peace girls attended the Passion Play held at the Hugh Morson High School.

October 4. The Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society entertained for the new girls at a picnic held at Lake Myra.

October 11. The Pi Theta Mu Literary Society again entertained for the new girls in the form of a Cabaret Supper held in the school dining room.

October 16. The Peace girls were given a holiday on which to attend the State Fair.

October 18. The initiation of both literary societies was held throughout the day. The new society members, although, sore and weary at the end of the day, were good sports and “a good time was had by all.”

October 18. The Sigma Phi Kappa and the Pi Theta Mu Literary Societies held their annual banquets, the former at the Woman’s Club, and the latter at the Peacock Alley Tea Shop.

October 22. The members of the Student Council participated in the series of meetings held at N. C. State College at which Edward Murrow, National President of Student Government, was the chief speaker.

October 27. The Methodist and Presbyterian churches of Raleigh held receptions for college students attending their churches. The Peace girls were among those present at the receptions.

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